

ARE YOU THINKING OF PAINTING THIS FALL? IF SO, YOUR SECOND THOUGHT SHOULD BE OF CROWELLS

As a Special Inducement to Fall Painting, we are offering a 10% Discount on our best paint.

Fred C. Crowell
87 Water Street

NOTICE

WE WISH TO INFORM THE PUBLIC. WE ARE READY FOR BUSINESS. FULLY EQUIPPED TO MAKE ALL KINDS OF TOOLS, MACHINERY AND REPAIRS—ALSO ALL GARAGE OWNERS WILL BE WELCOME TO COME TO US WITH THEIR NEEDS FOR THE AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS. THE WALDON TOOL AND METAL MFG. CO., 13 FERRY STREET, 2nd FLOOR.

Grand Republican RALLY

Addresses By
Hon. Wilbur Kennedy, of Hartford, **Allyn L. Brown**, of Norwich, and **Mrs. Herman Hubbard**, at Fitchville Hall, Bozrah, Saturday, October 23rd, at 8 P. M.

ATTENTION! PAINTERS

A Special Meeting of the members of Local No. 530, to be held in Carpenter's hall, Friday, at 8 o'clock, p. m. Meeting of local importance; all members requested to attend—no excuses.
Per Order

PRESIDENT

NOTICE

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE TAFTVILLE CHAPTER OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS WILL BE HELD ON WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M., IN PONEWAH HALL. MEMBERS AND ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED IN THE WORK OF THE RED CROSS ARE INVITED TO BE PRESENT.

THE LA VIDA ELECTRIC VIBRATOR \$7.50

Guaranteed in every respect. Let us demonstrate this vibrator and prove to you that it is an excellent appliance. GAS AND ELECTRIC SHOP, 2 Canal St., WESTERLY LIGHT AND POWER CO., Westerly, R. I., THE MYSTIC POWER COMPANY, 9 East Main St., Mystic, Conn.

WHEN YOU WANT to put your business before the public, there is no medium better than the advertising columns of The Bulletin.

Tired Nervous Mothers Vinol Is What You Need

TO MAKE YOU WELL AND STRONG

Women in this city who are "tired out," weak, overworked and nervous should profit by the experience of Mrs. L. W. George. She says, "I was weak, run-down and nervous, with no ambition to do anything. After everything else had failed, Vinol built me up and restored my strength." This is another link in the great chain of evidence to prove to overworked mothers that Vinol contains the very elements needed to build them up and make them strong.

CLAIMS CRUELTY BEGAN SOON AFTER WEDDING.

Annie Daniel of Stennington, whose maiden name was Magura, has brought suit for divorce from Andrew Daniel of the same place. She charges intolerable cruelty from a month after their wedding day on June 13, 1911. She also asks alimony alleging that her husband is worth \$2,000. She asks the custody of three minor children. The case is returnable before the superior court on the first Tuesday of November.

Just the Thing!

Don't put up with pains and misery of bunions—it's entirely unnecessary. **FAIRY FOOT** will relieve the pain—take out the swelling and remove the bunion. The gentle use of this Fairy Foot will satisfy you or all your money back.

Uxley & Jones, Pharmacists, 145 Main



THE FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

NATURE HAS NEVER MADE ANYTHING USELESS

(Written Specially For The Bulletin.)
"Did you ever think that Nature never produces anything useless? She may and does produce many things that we don't understand—but that is quite another matter."

Recognize that? If a few readers may not. The Man Who Talks will. I read it in his very interesting and suggestive column the other day. And immediately my mind went off on a globe-encircling voyage of surmise and reminiscence and cogitation.

There is nothing new in the remark. Indeed, the statement of the truth is as

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Johnston*

old as human recognition of it as a truth. It is no disparagement of any such affirmation to call it trite, or to point out that it has been said before by others. "The sunrise is a trite performance. But who that gazes transfixed with awe and wonder at the crimson glory of the morning flooding the hills, is moved to pooh-pooh it because, forsooth, it happened much the same yesterday, and the day before, and many a million days before that?"

"That which hath been is that which shall be; and that which hath been done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there a thing whereof men say, 'See, this is new? It hath been already in the ages which were before us.' So wrote the Wisest Man three thousand years ago. I have small patience and no sympathy with the cheap criticisms who affect to deery everything written unless it is new. For none of the great things of life and time are new. Truth is never new. It is as old as the eternal years of its imperishable existence. It is as old as God, whose shining garment it is—that garment whose intricate pattern we

can sometimes dimly see. And whose fringes we can sometimes feebly grasp. To minimize the value of one statement of truth, because some else has said it, is to say, in effect, 'I have said it before.' It is a suspicious rather than a worthy criticism.

My first mental step, on that world-encircling flight of thought, was to the Man Who Talks had started me, was at Farrington on the Isle of Wight, when it seemed as if I was looking over Tennyson's shoulder as he wrote in the noblest threnody of our age these often-quoted lines:

"Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.
To pang of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood."

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

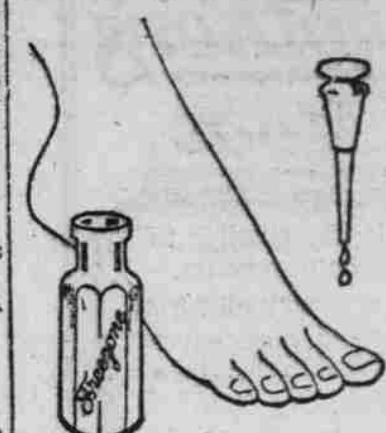
"That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain."

Here also the idea is suggested that Nature has time and no room for the useless; that "nothing walks with aimless feet." No matter how blind the road may seem to be to us, no matter how uncertain we may be as to its goal, no matter how apparently useless the worm and the moth—they are nevertheless not in vain, nor are even they "cast as rubbish to the void," when the Master Workman is making His pile complete.

Right there is where the practical side of the matter discloses itself. I stopped my mental journey, as this thought impressed itself upon me, and gave over all search for fortifying restatements of the truth that Nature produces nothing useless. What was the speed of trying to see how many times men had asserted it? Or of how many times they had said that two and two make four? One affirmation is as true as the other—and as true. A really wise man will as soon think of sneering at the one as at the other. Instead, he will try to make both truths a part of his being, and so shape his life as to avoid coming into conflict with them, if he can.

"FREEZONE"

Lift Off Corns! No Pain!



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then simply you lift it right off with fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

It isn't how many times the truth has been told, but how true is the telling, which counts.

A good many of us—especially of us farmers—are inclined to class as useless all that we can't understand. We don't see the use of the bugs and the blights of the worms and the weeds of mosquitoes and flies and copperheads and poison ivy.

Well, that failure of ours to understand, as any text aptly concludes, is "quite another matter."

The truth as it is and was and forever shall be is one thing, what we happen to understand is another and an entirely different thing. If we had been there when the foundations of the earth were laid, when its measures were determined and the line stretched upon it, when the morning stars sang together, we should then have known more and understood several things more clearly than we do now. But we were not there. We have come later upon the scene. We find it altogether beyond our comprehension, altogether too complicated for our unravelling.

Wherefore, like Job, we utter that which we understand not, things too wonderful for us, which we know not.

We would show a keener appreciation of our own incapacity, a clearer comprehension of our own ignorance, and a much clearer approach to a real wisdom if we would stop that sort of "then, and stop it for good."

The truth is not always what we understand or think or believe. Moreover, what we understand or think or believe is of exceedingly small importance to anyone but just ourselves. The truth is eternal, unchangeable, immutable. We are creatures of day, changeable, short-sighted. Our misunderstandings may becloud it; our stubbornness may blind it; our pitiful vanity distort it. All to no purpose. It remains, while we pass away, as a sea goes by and knowledge slowly broadens, we come dimly to understand some things which were mysterious to former generations. Here and there we fall upon explanations of what once seemed inexplicable. And this is the startling fact about all such discoveries. They are all revelations of the usefulness of that which had been, therefore, held useless.

To be sure, such discoveries are not numerous, as compared with the mysteries of the unexplored universe. It was the great Sir Isaac Newton who compared himself to "a boy playing on the seashore and finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

However, the informative and impressive fact is that, the more we find out about that great ocean, the more assured becomes our conviction that not one drop in all its vastness is either useless or out of place.

Furthermore, the more we learn from its edges and shallows, the more sternly does the knowledge confront us that, whether we understand or do not understand, whether we approve or disapprove, we can neither stay nor modify its movement.

The truth remains that, whether we consider some function of Nature "useless" or not, the function will continue functioning. Our failure to understand it will make no difference with its action. Our disapproval of it, even, will put no check on its processes. Our resistance will no more impede it than a straw on the cowcatcher will check the roaring speed of the trans-continental express. We can no more change it by denying it than we can abolish the sun by shutting our eyes to its light.

Nature makes nothing that is useless. This is one truth we may accept, not only with confident faith, but with conviction of its assured certainty. Yes, we say then: why put the cart before the horse, and complain because we don't understand all the details of Nature's management? Why charge her with inconsistency or unfairness because we are, ourselves, incompetent?

Why not make the best of an admitted, but bad job—bad so far as we are concerned—and humbly own up that we don't know it all or even a considerable portion of it?

I've heard farmers actually whimper about potato bugs, pretending to believe that they were unmitigated curses sent solely to increase the farmer's toil and decrease his earnings. Nor do I recall that any agricultural or entomological treatise, putting along the shores of biology, has thus far discovered Nature's use for that pesky insect. What of it?

I think I view the miserable bug with as much disfavor as any other farmer. Personally, I'll freely admit that I don't know a good word to say for them. As a potato-grower, they do me much damage; they increase my work and my expense and diminish my crop.

But—
Perhaps the raising of potatoes is not the sole purpose of Nature. Ever think of that? Perhaps the saving me work and money was not the primary object for the creation of the universe, with its attendant life—including potato bugs? Perhaps even the predatory beetle which we two-legged creatures view with so much animosity is just as much a part of Nature's plan as we? We don't any of us know for sure.

All we do know is that Nature never has made anything useless—when we have gumption enough to find out the truth about it. If we haven't, yet, found out the use of the potato bug, perhaps that is less due to Nature's wisdom than to our inability to decipher her meaning.

It's a big world, my masters. And the things we do not know about it would fill a great many books.

THE FARMER.

MISSIONARY FROM INDIA

ADDRESS TWO MEETINGS
Miss Carrie K. Buckingham of Bridgeport, Conn., a missionary who has spent three years in India and expects to sail again in December for the island, has been a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Dodge, 4 Garfield avenue.

Miss Buckingham gave a very interesting and helpful message on her work at a prayer meeting held at Mrs. Leavens, 112 Broadway, Wednesday afternoon, and also in the evening at Preston chapel.

"DANDERINE"

Girls! Save Your Hair! Make It Abundant!



Immediately after a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful, because each hair seems to puff and thicken. Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, plain or straggly. You, too, want lots of long, strong, beautiful hair. A 25-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty- tonic" gives to the dull, fading hair that youthful brilliancy and abundant thickness—all druggists.

Greenwich.—Mrs. Sarah E. Russell of New York, widow of Judge Joseph E. Russell, died suddenly Wednesday while visiting her daughter at Greenwich.

DIAMOND DYES

Any Woman can Dye now



Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into worn, shabby garments, draperies, covering, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed even if you have never dyed before. Druggist has color card.

"The Ring With No End"

Lucky is the bride that receives one of

FRISWELL'S WEDDING RINGS

and lucky is the groom that gives one of these rings for the bride will always esteem his good judgment.

We also carry a full line of goods suitable for Wedding Gifts.

All advertised goods at the lowest prices.

The **William Friswell Co.**

25 and 27 Franklin Street



"You Can Do No Better Than Buy Our Wurst."

No Salad Complete Without

Thumm's Home-Made Mayonnaise

THUMM'S DELICATESSEN STORE

40 Franklin Street

HAWKINS—The Florist
GIVES YOU THE OPPORTUNITY TO PLACE YOUR SPRING ORDER NOW FOR DARLIA BULBS BY SELECTING BULBS FROM BLOOMS THAT WILL BE IN MY STORE UNTIL THE FIRST FROST.

When You Need Out Flowers Such as Carnations, Roses, Chrysanthemums, Gladioli, and Other Varieties

REMEMBER

HAWKINS—The Florist

49 Franklin Street, Norwich

Funeral Designs, Potted Plants, Palms and Rubber Plants, Fer-Retals

Try it on Pan Cakes

Golden-brown wheat cakes, piping hot from the kitchen. What a wonderful breakfast they make when they are spread with **FIRST PRIZE NUT MARGARINE**. Its delicate flavor "just tops them off."

On bread, for the table, in the kitchen—you will like it better than butter. In fact, **FIRST PRIZE NUT MARGARINE** is "Modern Butter"—no animal fats, just pure vegetable and coconut oils churned to creamy smoothness with pure whole milk.

It's Economical too. **FIRST PRIZE** costs you about half as much as butter and the saving in your grocer's bill will please you as much as the improvement in your meals.

Valuable coupons are packed with **FIRST PRIZE NUT MARGARINE**. Read below how easily you can get this charming set of 112 Parisian China Dishes with them.

The same coupons are packed with **Baby Brand Oleomargarine**—that delightfully tasty spread that is flavored with pure creamery butter. One trial will make you an habitual user.

First Prize Nut Margarine and Baby Brand Oleomargarine are on sale at all grocers! Insist upon them. If your grocer can't supply please let us know.

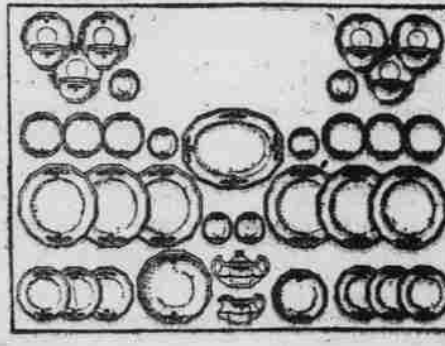
Send money and coupons to

P. BERRY & SONS, Incorporated
HARTFORD, CONN.

Sole Distributors for New England States.

For 30 Coupons and \$6.00 You Can Own

42 pieces of Parisian China, graceful in design and beautifully embossed with a gold band. For 30 more coupons and \$6.00 you can get another 36 piece set. A third set of 34 pieces for only 30 more coupons and \$6.00 completes this magnificent dinner service. 112 pieces in all.



FIRST PRIZE NUT MARGARINE